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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

MAY 21, 1942

NO. 5

STORY OF THE WEEK! THEY, TOO, WILL SERVE THEIR COUNTRY!



GRACIAS. NORTEAMERICA!

Está ya próximo el momento de nuestra partida, i creo que como yo, habran muchos compañeros que quieran aprovechar la oportunidad que nos brinda el FLY-PAPER para hacer público nuestro agradecimiento al Gobierno Norteamericano. Por ello tomo ésta relativa deshora; quiero dejar espacio para todos en las columnas de este semanario.

Todas i cada uno de los latino-americanos hemos recido una ingrata impresion. El pueblo, norteamericano no conoce Latinoamérica. Esta no es solo nuestra impresion, no es de hoy, hace 20 anos, el 15 de febrero de 1,922, bajo los auspicios de la Pan-American Advertising Association fue brindada una comida en el salon rosado del Astor Hotel de New York en honor al Ecuador. Tomaron allá la para-bra, figuras distinguidas i reconocidos escritores, tales como Mr. James Carson, Presidente de la Asociacion, Tancredo Pinochet, el famoso escritor chileno i otros. Hablo tambien el Dr. Juan Cueva Garcia (Ex-ministro del Ecuador ante el Gobierno Britanico) quien dijo, entre otras cosas, aquel dia; lo siguiente:



TECHNICAL DIVISION, MIAMI—Biggest story of the week concerns the chaps in these pictures! Unfit for military service because of minor physical disabilities, these men, together with many others in the Technical School, have not despaired of "doing their bit," and day after day can be seen in the shops and class rooms learning to do the many essential duties necessary to keep aircraft flying. At the left, Elmo Meadows is studying Aircraft Instruments; center picture, left to right, Frank Gillis, Sam Riner and A. B. Smith are welding aircraft fuselage tubing; at the right, Julius Bayard is putting the finishing touches on a recently overhauled Wright Cyclone engine. To these men, who certainly deserve the admiration of everyone in our School, we say, "Hats Off!"

"Cuando cenía a los Estados Unidos por primera vez, se me dio una."

"carta de presentación para en socio principal de una prominente."

"firma de Abogados de Chicago. Recorriendo el pais (y como todos."

"los caminos van a dar a Chicago), un buen dia me encontré en aque"

"lla ciudad,—la segunda en importancia entre las vuestras—y fui"

"a la oficina de dicho Abogado, y pase mi tarjeta acompañada de la"

"carta. Fui recibido inmediatamente de la manera mas cordial.

"De dónde es Ud? Me preguntó mi ilustre amigo."

"Del Ecuador.—Oh, si, si Ecuador, si Ecuador."

"El hombre estaba desconcertado, y para sacarle de su embara"

Turn to GRACIAS, Page 2, Col. 2

NOTICE! ALL CADETS AND PERSONNEL

Effective immediately, all R. A. F., U. S. Air Corps and out-of-town Embry-Riddle personnel on leave in Miami are asked to make their headquarters at the Macfadden Deauville Hotel, 6701 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach. Special, extremely low rates on both food and rooms are in effect for the Embry-Riddle "Family," just show your identification card when registering.

This request is being made to eliminate transportation difficulties and to help conserve gasoline in accordance with the national gasoline rationing program.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Many happy returns and all best wishes to our own Boss Man, John Paul Riddle, whose birthday was Tuesday, May 19th. It was no time off and "business as usual" for the Boss, from early in the morning until late at night.

Well, that's what it takes these days to "Keep 'em Flying," hard work and long hours . . . and that's what we can give our Boss for his birthday present . . . another year of our individual and combined efforts to keep Embry-Riddle the biggest and best School in the world!

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss "Freddie" Lewis, the guiding light behind the increasingly popular Dorr Field Dances . . . and we'd like to know who sent us that post card from Dorr, beginning "Dear" and signed "With Love (under-scored), from the Patriotic Worm . . . I joined the Apple Core!"

Repair bills saved can buy a bond
Don't show off before a blonde.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by the
EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL
OF AVIATION

Miami, Florida



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

* * *

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U. S. Army Primary School,
Dorr Field, Arcadia

RAY FAHRINGER—JACK HOBLER

JACK HART—SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS

Staff Photographer

Betty Gets "Showered"

So far as we know, it's still a secret, but circumstances sure look mighty suspicious . . . especially when Elaine Devery and Lucille Fox got together Wednesday and invited a bunch of Betty Galbraith's close friends together for a "shower" for Betty. And it wasn't pots and pans this time, but those little pink and blue, fuzzy things and stuff! Maybe an attorney would say that this is hearsay evidence, but it's good enough for use to start offering congratulations to Secretary Betty Galbraith and husband, Ensign Johnnie!

GRACIAS Continued from Page 1

"zo, añadí.—Pero ahora vivo en Panamá."

"Oh, si Panamá, Panamá."

"En donde Uds. Estan construyendo un gran canal. Añadí yo. a lo que él replicó mui satisfecho."

"Ya se ahora, el canal de Cape Cod."

"No, no el antiguo canal francés, el canal de Lesseps."

"Entonces nos conocimos i supimos de donde éramos i de qué veníamos hablando."

Hoy, despues de 20 anos, hemos encontrado nosotros la misma ignorancia: El pueblo de Norteamérica no sabe nada de Latinoamerica. Nada. y de ello tienen la culpa nuestros Gobiernos que no se han dado cuenta de que en Estados Unidos nada se aprende por libros que en las escuelas no enseñan a conocer nuestra Patria, que todo aca hay que enseñarlo con letreros luminosos i multicolores, que solo aprenden cuando ven las cosas, y la América Latina, lo único que enseña en esta forma son los Indios aborígenes i sus costumbres. Sus selvas y sus animales i peligros.

Muchos desengaños debemos haber causado nosotros a nuestra llegada a este pais de oro.

Vestiamos como los blancos . . .

No usabamos plumas . . .

Agradezco a los Estados Unidos ésta magnífica oportunidad que nos ha brindado para hacer conocer la América Hispana. Esto vale para mí, más que toda la instrucción que puedo recibido, por que esto vale para América Latina.

Sirvan, para comprobar lo dicho, las palabras que el Sr. John Paul Riddle tuvo para nosotros cuando presidía el acto de la izada de la bandera de estrellas i franjas en el asta de honor de esta escuela:

"Pido también un aplauso para esos muchachos que veis allí, los mejores estudiantes que ha tenido la Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, los Latinoamericanos.

Así es Latinoamérica.

Gracias Norteamérica!

Miami, Mayo 16 de 1942.

OCTAVIO J. ICAZA VALVERDE
Latinoamericano

"Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!"—

De regreso de Cuba

Se encuentra de nuevo entre nosotros el Tte Sr. Francisco Medina Perez, quien tuvo que ir a Cuba por varios dias para atender un asunto personal urgente. A su regreso hemos podido demostrar a muchos que "Cuba es la tierra del mayor tabaco del mundo." Muy agradecidos Tte. Medina.

TECH TALK

by Dorothy Burton

Arrivals

Malcolm Slocum, Sheet Metal, whose popularity with his co-workers seems assured as they say he is "a pretty good fellow; you can put the heat on him." We've had sugar ration cards, gas ration cards and now our first girl runner—Virginia Williams, efficient and pretty. Speaking of pretty girls, the school now has a Veronica Lake in the Photography Department. Her name is "Jo" Axtell. Marjorie is the name of the cute brunette in Purchasing, and also new in that department is the extremely petite Daphne Banks.

Departures

Sidney Wood, Sheet Metal, has left to take a full time position with the Civil Air Patrol. He came back in full regalia for a brief visit to let the young ladies see what they had lost. Better run home, Subs, for Sidney will get you if you don't! Betty Bruce, amiable and ambitious young lady of the Purchasing Dept., has accepted a position in Key West with a construction company. Buena suerte, Betty! James Pyott, Sheet Metal, to Miami Tech Hi School where he will continue the good work he was doing here. Glamor girl, Eve Atkinson, Dept. of Admissions, resigned as of the 15th to marry "Buddy" (Intercontinent) and go to California. A happy end-

ing to a romance that had to be carried on mostly by note writing as Eve worked long hours by day and the lucky man ditto at nite. Congratulations and best wishes.

Transfers

Katherine Bruce, from the Dept. of Admissions, to be secretary to Joe Horton, Superintendent of Maintenance. They will be housed in one of the new buildings behind the Tech building. Connie Young, with Ed China, to the new Union City field where she will be temporarily engaged in starting the purchasing department there. Gladys Norwood, Jim Blakeley's office, to take a leave of absence as of May 23rd to attend to matters of business in the north. Dean Ross, runner, to the Engine Dept., where we expect his rise to fame to be "cyclonic" and "whirlwind." Helen Drabek (Cafeteria) to the Registrar's Office, where they consider themselves very fortunate to get one as capable, intelligent and lovely as Helen. Her splendid efforts and results as dietician won the admiration of all who saw the Cafeteria from its tiny beginning to its present enormous size.

Personalities

W. R. Burton returned from a long and dangerous illness to find his office (it took him three months to get it) had been turned into an Electricity class-room. Virgil Kittrell's wife and two baby daughters, from Tulsa, Okla., will be with him this week after a three month's separation that has seemed more like three years. Virgil hopes to be able to get off from

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"THE SIGN OF THE WOLF"

by Jack London

Monday, May 25th—Riddle Field

Tuesday, May 26th—Dorr Field

Wednesday, May 27th—Carlstrom Field

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

"DANIEL BOONE"

GEORGE O'BRIEN and HEATHER ANGEL

Thursday, May 28th—Riddle Field

Friday, May 29th—Dorr Field

Saturday, May 30th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

work for fifteen minutes the day they arrive. Isn't that carrying conscientiousness to the nth degree? The gals are giggling at the crew hair cut of Dean Ross but confess that they really do like it too. What cute little telephone operator is so absent-minded she sharpened her pencil at the drinking fountain. Could it be love?

Sunday's fishing trip was 200% successful. Seventy participated, the greater number being U. S. Army students. Two boats were used and Tom Davies reports he caught several yellow tails. Sergeant Wood fell asleep and a window pane shattered nearby causing cuts on his face and hand. Jim McShane cooked Sunday dinner for the Lee Malmstens. He waxed quite lyrical when describing his fluffy mashed potatoes and rich smooth gravy. Mr. Malmsten's silence is a testimony to friendship. Dot Schooley's new hair-do is a great trial to Celia Hancock who has to help her arrange it each day. Accounting Dept. won from the Main Office team in their most recent soft-ball venture. The score was 20-12. Treats are no longer served after the fifth inning which grieves the spectators who also enjoyed wetting their cheer-parched throats.

—“Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!”—

SOLDIER STUFF

Ship Ahoy! Cast Off!

And let's get going—And many of our brave and hearty lads shoved off to pry the lid off of Davie Jones' mystic briny deep, looking for adventure and fish on a deep sea (?) fishing trip. It was announced that it was to be a fifteen mile ride, but it didn't stipulate that fourteen and one-half miles of it was to be parallel to the shore and one-half mile perpendicular to it. However, a few little fishies who didn't listen to their mommy were “roped” on lines so ensnared in one another that it would be more appropriate to say that they were scooped in, net fashion, rather than hooked.

A few of the less seaworthy lads, somewhat affected by the news of late, spent three-fourths of their time on the look out for axis subs; and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of them would swear on a stack bibles that they saw at least a couple of 'em floundering about and basking their cute little periscopes in the warm (a chamber of commerce word for “hot”) Miami sun. Sarg Woods proved to be the only casualty of the trip being the victim of a poorly aimed

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS GO FISHING



MIAMI BEACH—“A Fishing they did go” . . . maybe not “deep sea” fishing, but at least they had a nice ride and caught plenty of the less ferocious monsters of the Deep(?)! Last Sunday, about 70 of our U. S. Air Corps technical students, instructors and civilian students boarded chartered boats at Miami Beach and embarked on an afternoon of fishing, sub-spotting and not too gentle sun-burning. Shown above are a few of the “gang” just before the boat left.

sinker that found its mark only when its flight was rudely interrupted by one of the windows on board and the flying fragments of which lighted effectively on and in the Sarg's hand and face. All is well, though, and the patient is expected to recover. (I wonder who threw that sinker anyway?)

Still Getting Sunburned!

Well, I see a few more of our little lovers of nature fell victims to the potent rays of ole sol this past week-end. So help me, if about fifty of these soldiers got together in a group and donned a couple of feathers atop their sun beaten brows, passers-by would probably think that Embry-Riddle had been turned into an Indian reservation.

So Krause ups to me and says, “I'm telling you, boy, while we were swimming we chased away sword fish and hammer head sharks and everything.” “Yeah,” I says right back to him, raising a curious eye, “Aren't they dangerous. How big were they?” “Oh, about so big,” he answered, indicating a spacious distance of three of four inches with his finger.

Wise guy!

What's the Story Back of This?

Well, we had our first literal wash out the other day when Crawford showed up for chow soaked to the gills, coveralls and all. Somebody ought to tell him that people nowadays usually remove their clothing before taking a shower. — Say, that effigy that “Pop” Adams concocted down at the Welding stock room sure was a honey. I hope all parties concerned will take note—The welders have now adopted a pass

word for admittance to classrooms. In obtaining it they tried to get a word that complied with all the rules, etc., they had received pertaining to their course. All but one was was eliminated and the ballot rang out with the word,—“generally.” I guess you fellows in sheet metal, electric and engines have bumped up against this problem and can share our grief.

Well, Privates, that's it for now think it's a good idea to beat the rules by coming in late, ask any except to remind you that if you of the 41 participating “drillers” that put on an exhibition last Sunday about it. I think they can readily and conclusively change your minds—but definitely!

Account from Accounting Dear Mom:

Boy, what a week! Baseball, bowling, dances and stuff. The accounting department now has a bowling team as well as one of the best softball teams in the country. They took the Ordway lambs again last week, and are all set to walk off with the Embry-Riddle championship trophy. You see, a four team league has now been organized with a trophy for the top team, so we have already picked a spot for it in the accounting dept.

A new face has appeared, in the form of Harry Reinhardt. 'Course, some of you remember him from last winter, when he made daily trips to Municipal and back.

Jinny Mickel seems to be suffering from a nervous condition. Hope she gets back soon, for we sort of miss her. Bowen seems to have

taken a vacation too. The kids must be cutting up again.

Griffiths suddenly up and got himself a civil service job, and Ted really did move downstairs, so the office looked sort of deserted the last few days, what with Auberger and Miller patronizing the fountain so often. Grindell looks sort of lost lately. Guess he got that “extra work” he asked for a couple of months ago.

Kenny Copeland will soon be out of his “harness.” Bet he doesn't forget that ball game very soon.

Sort of surprised to see Rodney Vestal back again. Looks like he might stay for a while this time. Hope so, anyhow.

Seaplane base has really had a rush the last week or so. Hillstead and Hawes certainly like to look for ships, subs and such. How about a ride, Bob? I think I'd like it myself.

Big party at the Deauville this Saturday. Think I'll go and hope the rest of accounting and auditing go too. It's more fun that way.

Speaking of fishing, while we weren't, I never did hear Fred say whether he made the five o'clock deadline last Sunday morning, and if he did, why don't we hear about the big one that got away?

Well, Mom, outside of the fact that Miss Fox and Mrs. Fox seem to have trouble keeping their phone calls straight, there isn't much more to say, so I'll sign off now instead of sounding off.

ANANAMUS

AIN'T FLORIDA GRAND



CORAL GABLES—Strictly pictorial, but giving a good idea of the conditions surrounding the students training with Embry-Riddle is this shot taken recently at the Miami Biltmore swimming pool. Left to right, on the diving boards, are Ricardo Calendar and Carlos Eduardo Norega, two of our Latin-American technical cadets from Uruguay.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by Betty Hair

Municipal Base is really coming up in this world—last week the total flying time for this Base was 555:30 hours, and we think that is pretty good! The flight instructors and mechanics really deserve a word of appreciation as they have been doing a fine job.

Seen in our ramblings around: Mary Brooks and six other people going to lunch in Mary's little Bantam! . . . Johnny Fouche without the cast on his arm . . . "Powerhouse" Campbell and those dark glasses, hmm hmm!

Laugh of the Week

Laugh of the week is on Mary Brooks, who will never forgive me for telling this. The other day when the rains came Mary was on a dual flight with Red Friant, and was forced to land at Eastern Airlines 36th Street Airport. After the rain, the Miami Tower gave her permission to return to Municipal—welllll—Mary dashes out to her little Cub and before she could reach the ship a nice little smiling man approached her and said "and where do you think you're going."

Mary said he was such a nice little man and was smiling so sweetly that she must know him and had just forgotten where she had met him. Mary promptly put out her hand and shook the little man's hand violently saying "Why hello! How are you . . ." Well, the little man was so set back by this that he couldn't speak, so Mary told him who she was and immediately took off in her airplane and returned to Municipal. Our opinion is that the guard who stopped

Mary won't forget her for quite some time!

C. W. Tinsley is the proud instructor of a group of six Cross Country students who are in the final stage of their cross country instruction. This stage consists of night flying and they recently flew until 4:30 A.M.!

Newest addition to the instructor staff is Dave DaBoll primary flight instructor. Sam Sparks is Mr. Gibbons' new assistant and we welcome them both to Municipal Base.

Post Card of the Week

Letter of the Week around Municipal was the postal sent to Johnnie Fouche by Tom GAMMAGE, Municipal graduate who is now in the Naval Reserve as an aviation cadet. Tommie, whose address is Student T. M. Gammage, Class 3A, Left Wing, U.S.N.R.A.B., Atlanta, Ga., would like to have some letters from his old pals around here. So, let's get going, and swamp the feller with notes!

Here's the post card: "Dear Gang, Sorry I am so late in writing, but I have really been busy. We started flying last Monday, and I soloed the 4th day in 3 hours and 15 minutes. Sure do miss all the gang at Riddle. Wish you could all be here with me.

Please send me the Fly Paper and give my regards to Betty Hair and Mickey Lightholder. Would like to hear from Gene Williams, Rabun and all the fellows (and girls!) Like this place fine, but wish I could train again in Miami. Be good and let me hear from you. Tell Betty Lang hello.

Your Buddy,

TOM."

MUNICIPAL BASE HAS ITS 'GRIND SCHOOL', TOO!



MUNICIPAL BASE, MIAMI—After hearing so much about the 'Grind Schools' at Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields, to say nothing of the Seaplane Base, we thought it was high time to run this picture of one of the Ground School class rooms at our Municipal Base. Too little has been said about the work being done there, but take it from us, the records being hung up by private and C.P.T.P. students on the written exams for everything from "Solo Permit" to Commercial Ticket are something to write home about.

Shown above are a few of the students in class. At extreme right is Chief Instructor WILBUR SHEFFIELD, the man who is largely responsible for these good records.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Wanted: Cadet Correspondent

It seems that all of a sudden this place is rife with cadet chatter and news, but we're still looking for a cadet correspondent to write it up. Somehow, one of the boys is always ready to come up with some little tid-bit that will give a laugh to those in the know; yet, none of the A/C's wants to park behind a typewriter and really give forth in his own style. Nevertheless, we'll take it upon ourselves to print the stuff the boys are behind.

Just Be Nonchalant!!!

Over at Sarasota last week-end, Cadet Hallman nearly caused a military upheaval. His eyes blurred from swimming at the Lido, he noticed a uniform watching him with unconcealed interest. Not recognizing the gentleman as one of his classmates, Hallman proceeded to give the "dodo" a going-over.

"Hey, mister, pop to and brace!" bawled our A/C. When the gentleman did so, he was told to, "Take off your cap, mister!" This order was also complied with, obligingly. Abundant tonsorial growth was apparent.

"Mister," howled Hallman, "I'm going to gig you five demerits for not having your hair cut!"

By this time the noise was attracting several other cadets who, when they saw what was going on, came close for a better view. Then they experienced the shock of their lives; the gentleman being razzed was a first lieutenant attached to the Sarasota air base, and had not yet changed his bars from his coat, which he'd doffed because of the heat, to his shirt! Once Hallman got over his own shock, he made the necessary apologies and everything was all right.

Again, Just Be Nonchalant!

Another case of mistaken identity occurred right here at Carlstrom. A/C McClung was quietly dozing in front of Operations, lulled to sleep by the warm sunshine, when a coveralled figure confronted him with, "On your feet, mister!" Thinking it one of his classmates having a joke, Mac opened one eye, squinted up from his sitting position, and snorted, "Aw, go blow yer nose," and proceeded to go right back to sleep.

However, the coveralls had different ideas, and again the order seeped through the cadet's consciousness: "I said, 'On your feet, mister!'" Mac opened both eyes to stare in horror at a little leather

"DON'T SHOOT, SID!"



CARLSTROM FIELD — Any time Chief Ground Schooler SID PFLUGER begins boasting about his prowess as a "hunter," just show him this picture! It's a machine gun used for primary instruction . . . and there ain't no bullets in it!

name tag over the coveralls' upper left pocket—Lieut. John E. Clonts! According to the lieutenant later, Mac seemed to suddenly come to his feet in a brace without moving a muscle. Of course, apologies were in order and accepted.

An Orchid to Our Officers

It might appear odd to print things like this, but one idea came to mind, and it was this: In what other country's armed forces could this happen and turn out as it did? What other nation's officers are so tolerant of such small instances of human error? Where else could a soldier slip up in similar circumstances and not have to face a court martial and possible imprisonment? There was certainly no disrespect intended in either of the cases mentioned here; in fact, both lieutenants have won added respect and esteem by their treatment of the situations, and the whole United States Army principle of working with the officers, rather than for them has been given more incentive. Human tolerance in positions of authority is an admirable quality, when used intelligently.

Think Fast, Pal, Think Fast!

The prize forced landing of the week was made by A/C Abrahams. Obligated to sit down because of engine trouble, Abe found a four-foot fence looming between him and flat ground. Calmly shoving his stick forward, he jammed the wheels down onto the ground—bouncing the whole airplane over the fence to make a safe landing on the other side. How's that for using your head?

Society Notes

Heading this week's society section is the marriage of Paul DeBor to Miss Ruth Nelson, at the local Presbyterian church Friday evening at 9:00 P.M. With Mrs. Hobler as matron-of-honor and yours truly as next-best man, our Little

Chum was well attended by most of the Ground School force as he entered the state of connubial bliss. In white skirt, powder-blue jacket and hat to match, the bride was a lovely complement to the handsome groom, natty in Palm Beach and shaky in the knees. Both ladies wore corsages of pink rosebuds. On hand to see their pal's paycheck split in half were Joe Gillis, Bill Gracey, Paull and Betty Dixon, Larry Walden, Joe Woodward, and a half-dozen cadets from 42-I. A reception was held at the newly-weds' apartment at 158 S. Brevard St. after the ceremony, with sandwiches, refreshments and advice flowing freely.

Speaking of weddings reminds us that our one-time pal and bosom friend Barney Wilson—Assistant Physical Training Director at Carlstrom—also took unto himself a helpmate last week. Mrs. Wilson was the former Irene Howard, of the Kentucky Howards. (We say "one-time pal, etc.," because Barney went off and got married without notifying us beforehand so we could scoop the local newspapers.) Anyhow, the best of everything to you both; come payday we'll send you a wedding present.

We might as well advise his worshipping public that Byron Schouppé also trotted off to be wed a couple of weeks ago. It was another sneak affair—no previous notice to the FLY PAPER correspondent. Well, good luck to you two, too.

To Be—or Not to Be???

The marriage bug has Joe Woodward in a heck of a dither. Sometimes he wants to and sometimes he doesn't. Just this past week he had a bright idea for saving his face. He was going to ask his blonde lady friend up in Baltimore to come down to Arcadia and tie the knot with him—figuring that with automobile trips rationed, railroad trips rationed, and air line travel curtailed, she'd still have the proposal but wouldn't be able to carry it out. Just before he decided to go ahead with this idea, some kindly soul informed him that bus trips are still in operation. Now he's looking for another way to get his gag across. Keep looking, Joe; maybe one of these gals with a ranch and horses (and perhaps even a tennis court) will take you in yet.

A new keynote in men's styles was set by William John Moser, recent addition to our Ground School staff. Bill arrived from the west coast in a wide-brimmed komomo straw hat, ESQUIRE pants

strictly gate, and a perfumed gabardine jacket. Now the whole Ground School office smells like a woman's boudoir. Have a heart, chum; some of the staff aren't married.

—“Keep ‘Em Flying”—

IDLE CHATTER

“We” Ride the Bus

I feel qualified now, and I don't mind saying so, to take over the job of driving the Station Wagon, if ever the Company needs a relief man. I can't imagine what sort of schedule the driver follows, but I went right from Carlstrom on down the road and passed the Clewiston Field on the road out from Labelle. Must it tell what a thrill I had thinking that I was part of that big family even though an insignificant part? Then, on to Miami and right by what used to be an old Chicken Coop. Our Boss surely has had that building's face lifted. It holds its head up now so proudly and I could feel little wiggly shivers creep down my spine, 'cause I felt happy inside to belong to such an organization. Maybe it's me, but I do feel this way and sometimes things happen to make my picture want to change its glorious color but it soon gets back in line and I get back in the groove again.

When the man who writes the “Guess Who I Am” column wants a real subject one of these fine days, I hope he will come here to us and let me tell him about a man I am proud to have met. I refer to Les Lewis, right here in our Hangar 2, who has done so much for aviation and wears a smile worth a pretty penny that covers up a lot of hurt down deep inside. I feel better for having made his acquaintance and you all would too.

No doubt you all know that “Buck” Clark had to make a flying trip home one night last week to carry Ruthie to the hospital with a bad appendix. We held our breaths for a few days but thank goodness she made the grade and is well on the road back to health again. These things happen at night while most of you are all asleep but they are important to the Night Gang and the world we live in. Smooth Sailin', Ruthie, we are right in there pitchin' with you.

Could be spring fever has taken control of me but I can't seem to find out anything these nights. Somebody might be holding out on me but I'm afraid it's just me. Dopey, did you say? Could be.

NIGHT P.B.X.

— “We'll rule the blue in '42!” —

When taking off use all the field
The trees ahead might never yield.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Jonnie Draughon, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyng, Associate Editors.

Last week, we called your attention to the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps on the pay-roll deduction basis. A late check-up reveals that approximately 80% of the employees here at Riddle Field have started their savings. This is very good, but remember, we don't want 80% or 90% or 99%, WE WANT 100% FROM RIDDLE FIELD! So, let's go gang—if you are one of the 20% not signed, see your Department Head for your pay allotment cards—Department Heads, insist that all of your men get in the game. After all, it should not be necessary to beg or force anyone to do this small service for both HIS COUNTRY AND HIMSELF. Next week, let us be able to report that Riddle Field is behind the war effort 100%.

Camera Shots

We chanced on two very excellent shots of the Field the past week, so will pass them along to you (courtesy the Censors).

The first is a shot of the swimming pool looking toward the Canteen:



Next, we see the flag pole, with American and R.A.F. flags flying, with the Administration Building in the background:



How this third picture got in here, we don't know. At any rate, it is quite a novel picture as it shows Tom Rowland, Course Commander of Blue Flight, and Paul Prior, Primary Flight Dispatcher, on Miami Beach, NOT in swimming trunks:



Tom Rowland and Paul Prior

Fly Paper Sent Home

We have been asked by several Cadets if it was possible for them to have the Fly Paper sent to their home in England. Well, fellows, we are happy to tell you that it is quite possible. And, through the graciousness and generosity of Mr. John Paul Riddle, President of the Embry-Riddle organization, this can be done *free of charge*. If you will print the name and exact address of the parties to whom you wish the Fly Paper mailed and hand them to Ye Editor at the Link Department, they will be placed on the mailing list at once.

And another thing, in order to avoid confusion and to assure that each Cadet gets his copy of the Fly Paper, we are going to see that the Course Commander is given enough papers for his entire flight. So, for your copy of the Fly Paper, see your Course Commander, or call at his barracks room every Friday morning after 10 a.m.

Personal Prattle

Paul Prior, whose picture you see smearing this page above, has definitely decided not to wear sun glasses anymore. It seems that Mr. Prior while wearing his sun glasses, failed to notice the degree of sun tan in a certain party at Miami the other week-end, and was embarrassed no end after starting his flirtations. Ask Paul to tell you about the incident—if you can get him to talk about it.

Continued improvement — let's see, we used that phrase last week, too, didn't we—at any rate it seems

Please turn over leaf

that there is some kind of continued improvement here at the Field every week. This time we can report that additional landscaping around the Admin. Building and other places and the beach umbrellas, tables and chairs placed around the swimming pool have improved appearances very much.

New faces at the Canteen are Hazel Vega and Genieve Summers, waitresses. Welcome, girls—keep 'em coming.

Tommy Carpenter, Advanced Instructor, was the proud owner of "AT6," a gopher that won a heat in the Kiwanis Gopher Race in Clewiston the other night. Interviewed after the win, owner Carpenter said, quote "Hi Mom!" unquote.

Are You There?

Mr. Tyson called the Maintenance Department the other morning. A very cheery voice rang out, "Maintenance Department, Meyers speaking." Then came a very embarrassed pause, followed by "No, this isn't Meyers, it's Greenberger." What's the matter Jerry—is it the new female clerk at the hangar?

Copy of a purchase request seen on Mr. Gardner's desk—Description, one pair stilts—Reason for Expenditure—for Joe Obermeyer so that he can keep up with the crowd when going for coca-colas, lunch, etc.—Estimated Cost—practically nothing—Requested by Gardner.

Cadet Chatter

Bugs Trobridge, Red Flight, Red Clark and Dick Thorpe, Blue Flight and A. E. Ball, Yellow Flight, were confined to the Infirmary last week.

Several gentlemen from the various Flights had quite a lot of enjoyment at the expense of your Editor last Saturday afternoon, when they picked him up and tossed him in the swimming pool. However, the "old man" gave them quite a run for their money before they finally caught up with him.

Syd Burrows was a welcome visitor at the Field last Friday. Syd was busy arranging for transportation for the fellows to Miami.

Gilbert Neil, Yellow Flight, met a private in the U. S. Army on the trip to Clewiston. Mentioning the fact that he was coming to Clewiston for his training, Neil found out that his U. S. friend knew of a former fellowworker of his, who was instructing R.A.F. Cadets somewhere in the South. He told Neil that his name was Dick Dwyer

and to remember him to Dwyer if he should come in contact with him. Well, as fate would have it, Neil was assigned to Instructor Dick Dwyer when he started his training here at Clewiston, so it isn't such a large world after all, is it?

We can't figure out why Ray Denton is called Bill.

More Changes

The office personnel at Headquarters Building has gone through another change as follows:

Mrs. T. S. Gowin replaced Mrs. Reese, formerly Mr. Durden's sec., who has been employed by the R. A.F. as Sec. to W/C Rampling; Mrs. Waters moved in to replace Mrs. Hardy, who resigned to join friend hubby now in training at Douglas, Ga.; Betty Baily was transferred from Timekeeping to Accounting, and Pat McCollum was transferred to Post Supply. Whose move next, eh, Mr. Gardner?

Understand there are several new employees in the hangars—and the fairer sex, too. How much overtime did the fellows have this week, we wonder? And we understand from an authoritative source that the female hangar clerks have the male hangar clerks so befuddled that they do not know their own names.

Scraps Wanted!

The varied colored boxes you see in the Canteen and Headquarters Building are there for a purpose, not merely decoration. And are there in accordance with a request from the higher-ups in Miami, as per "Bud" Belland. Come on, let's "Give some scraps to kill the Japs." Incidentally, for those who do not read the Memos sent to each department the results of our Salvage Waste for Victory will be sold and the money placed in the School's athlete's fund for buying equipment, etc. So, that is an added incentive for bringing in your old metal. Seriously, may we have your cooperation?

—"Waste Not, Want Not!"—

NICK

(by exclusive interview)

"Beware the ADJUTANT my son. The BULL that binds, the rules that catch.

Beware the BURDICKBIRD. And shun the frumious RAM-PERSNATCH."

"Nonsense," said Alice, "I like Nick." (From MALICE IN BLUNDERLAND). And so do all of us. One just can't help it. But then he does the funniest things. He does, really! I mean things like changing all his five dollar bills into quarters whenever he goes to "his club" in Miami. Whenever his dad gave him a shilling as a boy, he'd change it into pennies and rush off to the

"What the Butler Saw" machines on the pier.

Anyway, getting back to his life history, he was just getting along nicely as a government official in Lincoln, when the 1914 blood orgy hit an overprosperous, overconfident world, and Nick joined up as a private in the Liecestershire Regiment. He went to France and through his hard work and ability rose to Sergeant. He found himself at Etaples teaching Americans to use their own Lewis gun. The gun jammed and the war ended; and he came home to England.

England was slowly settling down, somewhat shaken, bloody, but unbowed. He was able to take up his former occupation, and reconstruct his life with the help of the Only Person In the World. He met her and they married.

They now have a son in the R. A.F. who is doing his Initial Air Crew training in England. If Fate or Air Ministry sends him over



here for his training, we can only say he would be a most welcome addition to any flying school.

His father (the son's) came here in February and started on a series of improvements which pleased everybody. Wednesday afternoon no longer saw us sweating and binding in the Ground School, but de-

sporting ourselves in that cool blue pool, bouncing about on the tennis courts, or taking a merry round of golf, free of charge to Cadets.

Yes, Nick has a way with him. W.R.O.S. took on a more friendly tone, and the crinkly reams of manifestos on the folding of blankets and other matters of vital military importance ceased abruptly. But then, a rolling stone never did gather much moss, did it?

Well, back at Clewiston, Fla., he has a chromium plated school, like the other two, and keeps a careful eye on what "crosses the bar" due north and south of his D.R. position. (An Adjutant's duties are varied and strange.—ED.)

I don't know whether he likes Palm Beach, but the other week, the C.O. had to fly there on business. Nick, who had to hitch, arrived there hours later, and passed Morrison Field in time to see his Superior Officer in the charge of two buck privates, until he could identify himself. There are times when a twelve fifty is useful.

As for golf, he fairly rattles around the course. He is a good shot with a niblick or a 303 rifle. In spite of his Lewis gun experience, he can get 40 out of 43 times running, which is an amazing feat. If you don't believe me try it for yourself—smarty.

Nick is cheerful, has a good sense of humor, and is liked by those above him and those below him. For an adjutant, this is another remarkable feat.

As this (thank God) is the last of our atrocious series on our officers, we might as well point out that they are grand fellows, so don't take our previous droolings too seriously.

We would like to acknowledge valuable assistance and technical research given us by the following authors:

Sqd. Leader Burdick for the low crack about Miami. He also wants to know why Nick whispers into the telephone for hours, in that chummy little office they used to share;

To W. C. Rampling for pointing out that since Nick has discovered his favorite Bass exists not over here, he is sadder BUDWEISER;

Also to Mr. Tyson for his valuable research work at one of the Palm Beach parties! Such a story! Did you hear it? Of course you did not, you stoddge, it. It was frightfully hush—but its pukka gen, and another tremendous STRABISMUS SCOOP—

Nick had a blind date arranged for him at one of the Palm Beach orgies. They danced. She danced

divinely, and they got along very well. The party ended—we all straggled back to camp.

Then came the revelation! The date was a male accomplice of these unscrupulous three strippers, dressed up as a lady!

As well as golf, where he is a good shot, he loves dancing with Peggy, where he shoots a good line.

He likes Obstacles races, and proposes to have a sports day every three months, at which fresh forms of torture will be devised.

So, thus we leave picturesque Clewiston, the sun setting daintily behind the Ad Building. From which issues the soothing rattle of typewriters, sweet, soft typed nothings from the CO's office and an occasional worried looking Cadet.

And the Big Bear, and the Medium Bear and the Little Bear troop back to their little stools in the Inn, and a chorus of angelic Cadet voices arise in a poignant lullaby:

"Bless 'em all

Bless 'em all

The Long and the Squad and the Small.

We've had our promotion

This side of the ocean,

So, cheer up my lads, bless 'em all."

— "We'll rule the blue in '42!" —

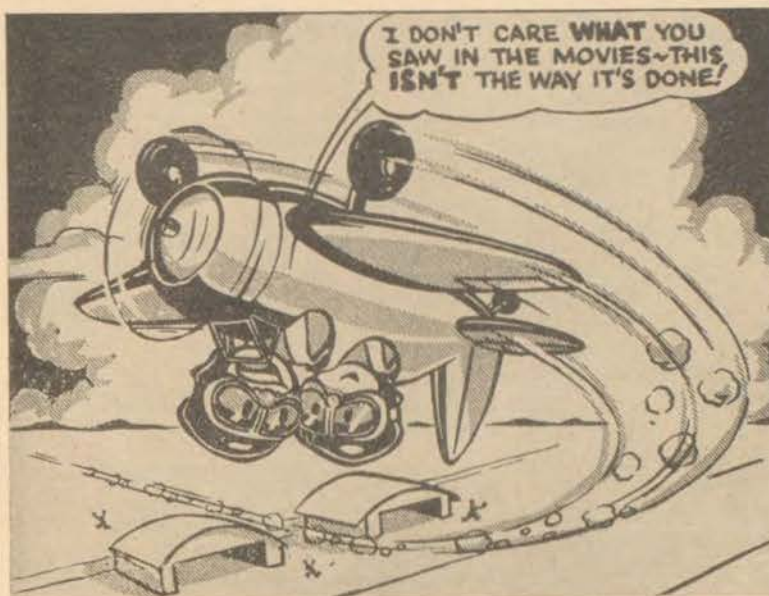
"NURSING 'EM THRU!"



CARLSTROM FIELD—Admittedly, we take extra good care of the members of "Our Family," but this young "lady" is not a member of our family, nor is bottle feeding a part of the regular duties of Carlstrom C. O. Captain George Ola. Nope, the young lady getting all of the Captain's attention is "Miss Porky," Charlie Ebbett's traveling mascot. Any rumors that this is a future rib roast are being denied by Mr. Ebbett!

"HOW NOT TO FLY"

by RAY FAHRINGER



DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Ed Morey, Editor

Dear Editor:

You all should have been up here last Thursday evening; us here Grind-School instructors really had one big "shin-Dig." We all took a basket of food and went out to the 'riber shore.'

Among those present was "Doug" Hocker and Mrs. Hocker who was all decked out in slacks; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Huggins and family; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mueller and the pooch; Mr. and Mrs. "Eddie" House; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hoten; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Clawson; Mr. and Mrs. "Dick" Oschner and last but not least yours truly and his sweet little wife.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent with the women folks separatin' from us men to go find themselves some sunshine because "Eddie" predicted rain within an hour. Can you imagine a weather man sticking his dag-blasted head out that far in front of a bunch of women?

Us guys got some wood together and made a fire; after the fire was well burned down, our "Sweet Bits o' Heaven" prepared the meal; when the dinner bell was sounded the table (a couple of blankets covered with paper) drew the rest of us toward it like ants toward a crumb of sugar since rationing began.

Bud, I never knew such a frail bunch of Instructors to have such great appetites; "Sam" Clawson must have had an even dozen "hot dogs" with Eddie House running a very close second. Poor Paul Mueller was in the back ground because of his dog which seemed

to grab them quicker than Paul could "mustard" them. Then there was Homer Hoten—Hats off to him; he was the gentleman of the evening—Why??? Well! Due to the fact that he treated the ladies first, he received a tiny portion of what was left. Poor Boy!!!

Having satisfied the inner man we waddled down to the sandy shore where "Doug" Hocker and "Sam" Clawson insisted upon chasing alligators; however, they beat a disgusted retreat when it was found that J. L.'s young daughter had thrown a stick into the water.

Everyone joined in for several songs and then a Goody Good-Night when the mosquitos dove on us in formation!

Well, Bud, how's about joining us on one of these excursions soon? We'd love to have you and promise to give you a fair share—if you can get it!

So long,

Ed.

P. S. Oh, Yes! There was one missing! Henry Warren! Guess he doesn't feel right among so many married people, but from what we hear it will be the "ball and chain" for him very soon according to a report from his own "Loving Island." Fess up, Henry!

Sgt. Herman C. Sharp was all smiles the other day—and why not! He has been promoted to Master Sgt. He passed out Candy and Cigars (all accompanied by that famous smile) to everyone he met. At first we thought 'twas something else but the explanation

cleared him. Congrats, Sgt.

Dance at Dorr

Thru A Cadet's Eyes

..... Fifty pretty girls being eyed by 120 hungry-looking misters—That's what we saw as we sauntered into the canteen with that studied carelessness. Really, we were trying to look as though we had "just dropped in for a minute"—and we were *not* getting away with it—as usual. (P. S. Stayed until the last horn blew, and got kicked out by those wolfish lieutenants who always get all the girls in the end: What have they got that gets 'em?) Through a haze of smoke... hot licks from the outfit that the boys used to call Siegfried's folly—'till we heard them "give out." After ten minutes of battle, the orchestra rushed out for reinforcements and came back with a hot trumpet and a swell pianist—both Shanghaied from the lower class—Ace Quigley, with his clarinet melting in his hands... "Siggie" beating himself down to his socks on those drums.

Impressions

"Li'l Kaintuck" Murray, jitter-bugging (Or so he says)... Earl Miller whispering sweet nothings into shell-like ears—and we do mean nothings. Don't believe him, lady... "Big Red" Miller cuttin' rugs with his size fourteens—and Betty loved it. A/C Agee, C.G. (that's G.I. for Chris!) danced so fast and so hard that he finally had to wring himself out. "Buzz" King showing 'em how it's done where he comes from. Come around and give us a private lesson, sometime, Buzz! Is that peculiar to Brooklyn, or do normal people do it, too?... Brooks, spending the whole evening with that pretty red-head—he still looks dream-eyed; Gal, what did you do to him? Thackston, the little "Feather Merchant," wasn't a bit bashful about showing us the newest in dancing from 'way back in "them thar hills." Brusek, pouring on the charm for the sole benefit of one Peggy... Fred Gedge walking off the floor, murmuring, "Oh, h, so-o-o tendah!" All night he was fighting off Phil Ward (and us) for the pleasure of dancing with that certain cute brunette. "Bah none," says Lander (of Gawja), "thet li'l Joyce is sholy th' purtiest gal on the flo!"

Some of the boys were true to the girls back home, but they sure did miss out on all the fun.

VISITING Ye Editor at the Main Office in Miami this week was our old friend AL JANES, formerly of Municipal Base and Carlstrom.



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MATERIEL CONTROL

Trying to keep up with the Materiel Control News is a little bit like being on a Merry-Go-Round, especially with conditions in the draft the way they are today. Most of the news this week concerns itself with the problem of replacements for the men who have left or are leaving for the services.

We have George Wygant, who has passed all his exams for the Officers Training school on the Beach, and whose place on the inventory crew is to be taken by Eugene Kelley, who in turn will be followed on his old (two weeks) job by Edward Clement, former chief of the fourth floor stockroom. George's brother, Howard Wygant, the male interest of half the girls on the main floor, is taking a chance on the U. S. Coast Guard. He should be leaving pretty soon. Chenault Elmore of Municipal Stockroom has been accepted as an Aviation Cadet by the Army. And Little Jack Little of the Tech School Stockroom has passed all of his prelims with flying colors and the Air Corps should have another good man very shortly.

Mr. B. H. Buxton (very formal this morning) has just returned from Union City, Tennessee. George Lobdell is the man who has to make Materiel Control go when the new field gets under way. To take George's place, Harry Koehler, formerly Chief Store-keeper at Carlstrom Field, has been transferred to the Main Office in Miami to train for the job of assistant in Materiel Control, and Martin Avery, Jr. has been transferred over to his old job.

Charlie England, ex-runner of Tech, has been sent up to the Dorr Post Supply to fill a vacancy there; W. F. Farmer and J. M. Foster have been assigned to the Maintenance Stockroom at Carlstrom Field; Warren Howell has been put to work at the Fourth-floor stockroom at Tech and while "Buck" was in Tennessee he hired a receiving clerk and General Fac-totum who answers to the name of C. S. Howard. If Tennessee is all that Buck says it is, both he and George have a job on their hands for this coming year.

Another department under Materiel Control has grown in the past few weeks. Bill Jacobs, up at Clewiston Post Supply has taken unto himself a Secretary. He raided the Accounting Department and Miss Mattie Pearl McCullon is doing his letter writin' and stuff.

Fred Bull, out at Municipal, is back in bed for a couple of days and we hope that he'll be back

at work soon.

Can't think of any more hirin's or firin's so I'll be a'seein' of ya. FLASH***** It just took long enough to take the paper out of the typewriter and the Department had two new men. Mr. F. P. Wich-

man has gone into the Main Floor Stockroom and Graham L. Shaw has gone up into the fourth floor stockroom.

P.S. I'm going to sneak this out before they ring in a couple of new faces on me.

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